

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for October 1, 1894

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BRENTANO'S



THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 10

OCTOBER 1ST

ORIGINALITY

NO bird has ever uttered note
That was not in some first bird's throat :
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall
No rose has been original.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



MR. PENFIELD'S POSTERS

MR. Edward Penfield has done a pleasant thing. He has made our book-shop windows more attractive than ever they were before, and he deserves the gratitude of all men. To him, perhaps more than to any other American, is due the recent development in the beauty of posters in this country. Indirectly, of course, Jules Chéret has been responsible for the whole movement, but up to two years ago his influence had effected only a slight improvement in our theatrical show-bills and the delightful book-posters of nowadays were quite undreamt of. Then Mr. Penfield's work began to appear.

One day, the observant world was awakened with surprise by an announcement of the current issue of *Harper's Maga-*

sine. It was unlike anything seen in the land before. It was a poster which forced itself upon one: in design and colour it was striking, and yet it was supremely simple throughout. A very gentlemanly man walked down the salmon foreground arrayed in all the gorgeousness of a green driving coat. On his head was a light fore-and-after and his gloves were "London Tan." The rain was falling all round him, but with charming nonchalance and flattering intentness he read a copy of *Harper's*.

The poster was distinctly successful; it was theoretically as well as practically good. The artist had attained his ends by the suppression of details: there were no unnecessary lines; the stroke was broad and full of strength; in the legs and boots the drawing was especially clever.

All this was a year ago last April. Since then we have had a magazine poster a month from Mr. Penfield, four of which we reproduce,—unfortunately, however, without the colour, which is one of their great charms. But the excellence of the drawing and the ideas in the work make them worthy of attention—even in this form.

The design for March, with the lion and the lamb, is a thing of lasting beauty. In it Mr. Penfield is at his cleverest. The poor little lamb is so delightfully small and helpless, as it stands awe-stricken in the background, while the lion comes out with splendid strength and dignity. The whole is charming. And it is very skilful, too. The perspective is especially noticeable and shows that Mr. Penfield is wise in his art.

The April poster repeats the motive of the year before, with the substitution of a red-brown girl for the green man. The red-brown girl is, however, wiser and less absent-minded than her predecessor—she raises her umbrella at the fall of the first few drops of rain. And she is very nice—in her fetching tam and long overcoat, carelessly open a trifle at the neck.

The May poster is quite the prettiest thing Mr. Penfield has given us. But it is more of a picture and less of a poster

than the others. It is not so much in the poster spirit: the varying green of the background suggests detail, and the birds and bird's nest would be more attractive without the overhanging advertisement. But as a picture the design is excellent, and in feeling it is as fine as anything the artist has done.

The July poster—the last we reproduce—is a very pleasant handling of a mediocre subject. On first thought one would never fancy that lettering made out of fire crackers could be anything but cheap and trivial, but the artist has done well with his material and the “July” is not bad. The girl in the picture is well drawn and her pose is excellent.

Up to this point Mr. Penfield used American models for everything he did, and it was flattering to see what picturesque people we had “in our midst,” as the newspapers say. But with the poster of last August—“Our Lady of the Bathing Suit”—the model becomes, if not in reality French, at least a French type. Her black dishevelled hair is, perhaps, the artist's finest achievement.

Besides his magazine posters, Mr. Penfield has made a fair showing of book posters and even of one or two cover designs, done in the same broad style as his other work. But his book posters, with one or two exceptions, are not real posters: he has simply done decorations for ordinary announcement sheets, as in the case of Mr. Davis's “Our English Cousins” and the “Women's Conquest of New York,” which, while being clever, are certainly not to be classed with his magazine designs. During the last month, however, a book poster by Mr. Penfield has appeared which is extremely good. It is done for Mr. Matthews's “Vignettes of Manhattan,” and the yellow man is very delightful.

Mr. Penfield so far is unique—in this country: as yet, no one else has shown himself capable of strong original work. Already, however, the posters he has designed for the Messrs. Harper have led other artists to do work of a similar character

for other houses, and that he will soon have imitators is not only to be predicted, but, for the welfare of art, greatly to be hoped.

HERBERT STUART STONE.



NOTES OF A POSTER COLLECTOR IN PARIS

A FEW years ago, in the days when I did not know Paris well, I read in a French newspaper a curious Christmas story. It started with all the machinery of the ones I knew so well in English. It was Christmas eve; the snow fell; the lights of the shops sparkled; the happy heads of families hurried home with arms full of toys; the ragged street-boy wandered sadly among the merry throng.

"I salute you, my friend," I said. "You are hungry. Your widowed mother is ill at home. Your small sister is crying for food. You will steal bread. You will be caught, but the judge with tears in his eyes will refuse to convict you. This is quite as it should be."

At first all went well; then suddenly all went wrong. The little hero passed by a baker's shop to follow a man with a roll of paper and a paste pot. Failing to understand I read on.

"The man stopped . . . And after he had gone, little Pierre crept from the dark corner where he had been watching him, and with his little fingers trembling and benumbed with cold he tore down, while it was still damp on the wall, a poster by Chéret."

It is the modernest of Christmas stories. The uninitiated American cannot understand it. For where else but in latter-day Paris would a poster feed a starving family? Where else

are shops devoted to the sale of posters? Where else are there catalogues and bulletins of current prices? Where else are posters *published* and where else do they go *out of print*?

In Paris alone, I think, has the collector, the "*amateur aux affiches*," an excuse for his existence. While posters in most countries are stupendously ugly, Parisian posters are at the present moment wonderfully attractive. One watches the bill-boards day by day and discusses the last new poster as one does the last new picture for the Salon.

I came to know this as I knew Paris better. Now, like half young Paris, I buy posters. One cannot steal them; I have tried. There was once a gorgeous poster, at the corners of which I gave a little pull each morning as I passed it. Day by day I loosened it, until one morning came when I determined on the final act. Calming my conscience, I approached the bill-board — only to find my poster gone. I had been working for another fellow.

I used to buy posters of Sagot when he had the small shop on the "*rive gauche*" from which he issued the first "*catalogue des affiches*." Now, when he glories in the splendor of a plate glass show-window in the Rue Château d'Un, I dare not go near him. Close by, in the Rue de la Victoire, is Kleinmann's delightful little box of a shop, full of the treasures of the decadence. There I have seen most fascinating "*stickers*." Best of all, perhaps, are the fantasies *in chic* by Chéret, whom we call the master *afficheur*. Then there are red-haired maidens by Grasset, suggesting Rosetti and the primitives; ugly but delightful dancers by Heidbrinck; startling color combinations by Toulouse-Lautrec; symbolistic wonders by Schwabe; enough to lure the last sou from your pocket. In fact, on every side in Paris, from Vanier's on the Quai St. Michel to the farthest limits of Montmartre and Montrouge, one is tempted by the poster seller.

In the bookstalls along the quays the temptation is almost greatest. Here, where prices are not fixed, every purchase may become a battle royal and an exchange of posters require

half an afternoon. One must be well versed in current quotations, and know not only the prices of the new posters, which are worth from two to three francs, but also the prices of the older posters, which range from five to twenty.

My information about the rare early posters I got mainly from a volume by Ernest Maindron on the History of the Poster from the time of the Pyramids down. His position of authority on posters is one I envy, for I have seen his collection. It is, I suppose, the most complete in the world. He has all Chéret, which is an absolute achievement. He has accomplished what for us lesser followers of the fad is quite impossible.

In America, however, everyone has the chance to have a complete collection of posters. One need only begin a year back, for there is nothing before that worth collecting. And America is for the moment a very paradise, for the poster has as yet no market value.

DONALD WARREN.





HUNTING SONG

[FROM KING ARTHUR, A TRAGEDY]

O H, who would stay in door, in door,
When the horn is on the hill?
With the crisp air stinging, and the huntsmen singing,
And a ten-tined buck to kill!

Before the sun goes down, goes down,
We shall slay the buck of ten;
And the priest shall say benison, and we shall ha' venison,
When we come home again!

Let him that loves his ease, his ease,
Stay close and house him fair!
He'll still be a stranger to the merry thrill of danger
And the joy of the open air.

But he that loves the hills, the hills,
Let him come out today!
For the horses are neighing and the hounds are baying,
And the hunt is up — and away!

RICHARD HOVEY.



DREAMS OF TODAY—V THE DREAM OF TWO AMBITIONS

HIS wife had been for a walk in the early morning, and as she came over the fields toward the house, he saw that she had her hair twined full of wild roses, and that each of her hands was leading a laughing child. They were all in the full light of the rising sun, and you could hear their laughter rippling over the dewy grass. Such a picture of youth and fairness they made, these three!

In spite of himself, he smiled. He kissed the smile upon her mouth; he kissed the rosy children. "I shall ask no questions," he said, "I shall not even scold, until you have all gone in and changed your shoes and stockings. You deserve to die, you really do, for such a challenge to providence. The grass is a sea of tears,—tears that the Night wept because she cannot stay to kiss the Day,—and the air is chill. Go in, go in! I shall think over your punishment!"

And presently, as he sat in his armchair, there came to him three kisses, one upon his forehead, one upon either cheek.

"We are come," said his wife with pretty mockery of meekness, "to receive our punishment."

"I am glad," he said, "that your consciences trouble you. If you will go and sit very still on the lounge there, I will read your sentence. This is it: you are to be utterly quiet while I tell you a story. You are not to move or interrupt. Some of it is about children. Listen."

"When I grow up," said the little girl, "I am going to be a great singer. I am going to be so that everyone will know my name."

"And I," replied the boy gravely, "am going to be a statesman. That beastly history that we have to learn in school—I am going to make history myself, and then other boys can have as hard a time of it as I."

They were building sand castles by the sea. The more carefully they builded, the more ruthlessly the tide swept their little fortresses away. If they had not been so young and so delightfully blind they might have accepted the warning of the tide. But they merely laughed a little and built new forts.

Suddenly, the little girl got up and went a few yards away, quite close to the sea. She whispered to the sea, "I am going to be a great woman. My name shall be familiar from this shore of you, O sea, to the other."

"Yes," said the boy, who had come and stood beside her, "but we shall always love each other, shall we not?"

She laughed. "Of course!" She gave him a kiss, coquettishly, and they began digging in the sand again.

The years slipped by with all their endless train of tragedy and comedy. Men had come into the world, and men had said good-bye. The two who played by the sands that day were still young, but they seemed, to themselves, to be already old.

They were both home from college. He had been studying Schlegel and Schopenhauer, and she had been considering the doctrine of the Superiority of Woman. But they were still very good friends.

In the evening they went for a walk together, and something led them seawards, so that they found themselves in a little while close to where, ten years ago, they had played with the sand.

"Have you still that ambition?" he asked, smiling.

They had never been there since, in all those years. She remembered at once, and answered, "All of it, and more! And you?"

"I am still dreaming of Fame. It *must* come; it *shall*. Everything else I can lose, if only I may find fame." His eyes sparkled a little, and his mouth had grown stern.

"I feel so, too," she said. "What is it all worth, without glory? To be one of the mob—bah!"

They were silent a while, the sea showing its white teeth at them and hissing.

"But," he began again, "with our two ambitions, what is to become of Love?" You see, he had grown ten years more logical. And logic is death to the affections.

"I was going to speak of that," she replied, "I have been thinking of it. Love will not find a place in our hearts; it *must* not. Nothing must spoil our aim. Of course, I like you—" she held out her hand to him, and he took it, silently, "but we are not children any more. Two ambitions cannot live side by side. We must forget that we were—children."

"Yes," he said, "we must forget." He was biting his lip, and his hand shook. He happened to love this girl, you see, but he was forcing himself to remember only his ambition, which is the most exacting of mistresses. "But supposing," he went on, "that our ambitions fail, that Fame flouts us, why should we not—"

She interrupted him, frowning. "*My* ambition will *not* fail, and Fame shall cringe to me." It is always the girl who is the more certain of the future, which is generally accounted for by the fact that she knows less of the past. In her heart of hearts she wanted to kiss this young man and tell him that she loved him, but she had fashioned her ambition and was now afraid of her handiwork.

So they went away, with a cool good-bye, and an eager front alert for the footstep of Fame.

Now Fame happens to be a woman, and very moodish. When she sees anyone courting her persistently, she grows weary at once, and promptly kisses the one who least expected it. So it happened that, in the years that followed, there came many bitter days for these two. They often seemed to reach the threshold of the temple, only to find it empty. They

did wonders, they fought valiantly. Alone, always. Each had only that goal in view; all else was unseen.

For some reason or another the Fates had chosen these two to sport with. "We will let them exhaust themselves," said the Fates, smiling sweetly, "and then we will sit by and gloat at them." The Fates are extremely fond of gloating; next to cheating, it is their favorite diversion.

The girl had a magnificent voice, but she was proud. She refused to take a tea-cup and hand it with a smile to the musical critic of the daily paper. As a result, she was never heard of. She might have been a great prima-donna; but she was unwilling to subsidize a "puffer." She knew her ability so well that she grew scornful. And the world usually retaliates upon persons who sneer at it.

The man would have been a brilliant statesman in Utopia. Here, where politics are really a sort of Augean stable, he was out of place. Brilliant oratory is nothing against the genius of the stump, and honesty is at a discount in the constitution of political machinery as it exists today. Machinery has advanced nowhere so much as in politics.

So the time came when the Fates began to smile to themselves. Exhaustion was becoming apparent on the faces of both these people. It was evident that they would soon succumb, that they would join the great army of the infinitely discontented, the hopelessly unhappy.

But the Fates had forgotten one possibility.

The man's face was saddened and his mouth was not set with purpose as much as with despair. But there was a sparkle still in his eyes, though they were shadowed by rings of darkness. He came out on the sands, and his eyes grew dim.

"Thank God," he murmured to himself. Who shall say what he meant! He had had but one God, Ambition, all his life. But there are moments when the veriest heathen reverts to religion.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," he said, as he stretched out his arms for her, "I am come to you at last, after all."

She held out her hands to him.

"I have been waiting for you," she said.

The children had understood but vaguely. They sat silent for a time, then one of them spoke. "What a lot of time they wasted," said the boy, "when they might have been happy so much sooner. How foolish grown-up people are!"

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



SKETCHES

THE sun was already well down into the horizon. Away, across an infinite stretch of golden sand, the great red ball was slowly disappearing. Red streaks darted up in all directions and cut into the turquoise sky overhead. The light flowed in a great white stream down the desert. There was not a sound. The sun never seemed so awful and the desert was like the end of the world. There was not a sign of life anywhere except off before us — two Arabs and a camel formed a melancholy procession and their shadows reached nearly to us. Then the sun set, and for a moment no one dared breathe.



All during the funeral, the little black girl had hung at the outskirts of the crowd of mourners. She had a bunch of wild daisies, tied with a shoe lacing, in her hand. Finally someone went over to her and asked what she wanted.

"I brought dese flowers," she said softly. "Ob course dey're not good enough to go in wid de white folks' flowers

HARPER'S



FOR

MARCH

Wm. H. & Co. Publishers





HARPER'S



POSTERS DESIGNED
BY MR. EDWARD PENFIELD
THE CHAP-BOOK
OCTOBER I, 1894

HARPER'S.



APRIL

W. L. G. & Co.

POSTERS DESIGNED
BY MR. EDWARD PENFIELD
THE CHAP-BOOK
OCTOBER 1, 1894

but I t'ought I might put dem under de steps by de tomb and den *she* could go over them."

E.

I have been copying an essay steadily all the evening. My head aches, my fingers are wearied, and as I stare with blinking eyes at the glaring white paper, the letters I have scrawled on it dance in the brilliant lamp-light like demons. I close my eyes and I put my hand to my head in utter exhaustion. After a minute I open my eyes and say to myself,

"I will finish this page and then stop."

I go on.

. . . The prologue began with these peculiarly Johnsonian lines,

"Pressed by the load of life the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of humankind." . . .

It is too much. I throw down my pen with fierce despair. It lands on the point and stands erect on the blotting paper which covers the desk. I get up. The rain is pouring monotonously down; my fire is flickering out; I can hear my chum snoring in his bed; the clock strikes two.

"General toil of humankind. Nonsense! As if any fool but myself were working at this time."

I go to the window. Across the street, in a glare of light in one of the windows, I see two Chinamen ironing shirts.

In the days when Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one-legged man near Dulwich. This man, now strong in faith, conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might effect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident. So a month later he presented himself, weary and travel-stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon church, and told his desires. Strange as it may seem, the prophet said he would

willingly get him a new leg; but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.



The chancel screen is twined with evergreen and bound with holly. Through its dark bars, the white reredos gleams with its candles, brighter than ever, as if seen in the blaze of sunlight through twining vines and undergrowth from out the darkness of the woods. Against the whiteness on the altar table shines the vivid scarlet of the flowers in the vases. Before the altar kneel the acolytes in their red gowns: on either side, the choir boys in black and white. Above their heads hang the brass lamps with their little crimson flames: the middle one, hanging lowest, sways gently to and fro, as if keeping time to the monotonous intonations of the priest's chant. I watch its swinging, and as thoughts wander I follow its little light till I blink and my eyes fill with tears. Then I look away to the carved heads on the pillars above the organ and down again to the white-haired organist. As I watch him, the organ sends out a soft thread of melody which ripples down from the faint high notes of the treble — like the music of the descent of the Holy Graël in "Lohengrin." I slip mechanically back into my seat: the prayer is ended.

H. G. R.



NOTES

MRS. Louise Chandler Moulton has gone to Paris for a short stay before returning to America the first of November.

Edmund Gosse's new book of poems, which will appear some time this fall, is to be called "In Russet and Silver."

Paul Verlaine's new book of poems is called "Epigrammes," and will shortly be published in the library of "La Plume."

Gilbert Parker has buried himself at Marblethorpe in Lincolnshire, where he is hard at work on a new novel to be published next spring.

Walter Blackburn Harte has collected his "Corner at Dodsley's" papers into a volume which will soon be published by the *Arena* Company under the title of "Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight."

Hail to the new magazine! Received: the prospectus of *The Stiletto and the Rose*, to be published at Washington, D. C., and at Marcuse, Cal., with Miss Helen Corinne Bergen of Washington as Editor, and Mr. Seymour C. Marcuse of Marcuse as Business Manager. While Washington and the rest of this earth are divided among the Philistines, Marcuse will surely belong to *The Stiletto and the Rose*.

Listen! "Every issue will contain three leading 'heavies' dealing with the vital questions of the day."

Why only three? And might not something besides the leaders be heavy?

"Romance vibrant with picturesque vitality will be presented, and the morbid studies of mind afflicted with dry decay will be shunned as the plague. Natural deaths will take place

in its pages, but literary murderers having killed in cold blood will not find undertakers in us for their purple victims."

Certainly,—every man his own undertaker. Miss Bergen and Mr. Marcuse evidently mean to be their own.

"Poetry.—Only the best will appear in the body of the magazine."

Where will the rest go? Will there be a supplement?

"Reviews."—"No personal friendships will influence undue raptures and no enmities will tip arrows of contempt." "Intensely vulgar efforts like 'The Yellow Aster,' where disgusting words are used with freedom, will not be touched." "In fine, *The Stiletto and the Rose* hopes to be uniformly elegant throughout."

America cannot fail to recognise its worth. We are told that its representative is now in London and will "make arrangements that shall insure the popularity of *The Stiletto and the Rose* in England." If only the magazine is one half as funny as the prospectus, it cannot help being popular. With painful impatience I await the first number.

I hear a novel by the late Steele Mackaye is to be published this month. It is called "Father Ambrose," with a sub-title, "The Revelations of May 3d, '68," and was finished only a short time before the unfortunate author's death. He worked upon it, I am told, with the same zeal and enthusiasm which marked all his undertakings and made him so interesting a personality to all who met him. It is difficult to think of his working on a novel while he was engaged on the great Spec-tatorium at the World's Fair, but I believe such is the case. His story is one of love—apparently a new conception of it—and is said to be brilliant and audacious.

The family Bible is the best place to hide things I know of and I have always been in the habit of preserving my autographs and curiosities there. This morning I got the

great quarto down from the shelf and opened it at random. The first thing I found was an old newspaper, *The New England Courant*. It was dated "From Monday February 4. to Monday February 11. 1723." At the head of the first column appears an interesting note which says that "The late Publisher of this Paper, finding So many Inconveniencies would arise by his Carrying the Manuscripts and publick News to be Supervised by the Secretary, as to render his Carrying it on unprofitable, has intirely dropt the Undertaking." At the end of the paper is the announcement: "Boston: Printed and Sold by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in Queen Street, where Advertisements are taken in."

The loveliest thing about the recent Kelmscott edition of Mr. Swinburne's "Atlanta in Calydon" was the Greek letters used in the dedication. A note at the end of the book tells us that they were designed by Mr. Selwyn Image for Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Now I find in *Book Reviews* the announcement of a republication of Mr. Archer-Hind's edition of "The Phædo" of Plato, printed in this new type. I feel sure it will be an unmixed delight to all book lovers. In the Kelmscott book, while I was grateful to Mr. Morris for those few superb pages, I felt it unfortunate that his English type should in no way equal the noble and simple beauty of the Greek letters. If Mr. Morris is to show the possibilities of printing in English, this Greek type should be a valuable comment on his own work.

Paul Verlaine has always been pictured to us as a wretchedly dressed and apparently unclean pauper seated at a corner table in some obscure café. He had come to be almost conventionalized in that condition. But now comes a story which stirs us all up and opens eyes. It is said—and the authority is good—that Verlaine recently appeared at a *causerie* by M. le Comte de Montesquiou-Fezenac, decked in all the luxury of a frock coat—dressed, in fact, like what Parisian journalism

calls "*les plus elegants de nos clubmen.*" They even allege that he wore an opera hat, while the friendliest cliques in Paris were torn with dissensions as to whether or not he had really carried a monocle. This news is horrible. There was a bohemian sort of charm about the poverty of the poet—but the innocent, childlike Verlaine attired in tall hat and frock is very unpleasant: it suggests decline—or intoxication.

On the same occasion the Poet was called upon to display his society "manners." He was in the "Grand Monde"—contrary to his custom—and he was not quite at ease. He acknowledged his presentation to a certain high-born countess with a profound bow and then remarked tentatively:

"Madame, si nous allions quelque part prendre un petit verre."

The first American edition of Mr. Norman Gale's "A Country Muse," First Series, is shortly to be published, I hear. It is to be enlarged by the insertion of six poems which did not appear in its original issue.

THE DECADENTS.

All manikins . . . Oh, is there left one wonder
No roomy soul where primal Nature speaks,
Where roll at times the ground-swell and the thunder
Among the sea-caves and the mountain-peaks?

When I was very much younger—in the times when I went to bed at "the witching hour of nine," as Kenneth Grahame says—someone gave me a book to read, and the delight of it I shall never get over. It was all about Siegfried and Brunhilde, about dwarfs and dragons and the hoard of the Nibelungen. I don't know who wrote the book: I can't tell now whether it was well or badly done, but the subject had such a fascination for me that it stood alone, in my childish mind, with the "Wonder Book." For a year past,

I have tried to get it, for the edification of youthful friends, but nowhere could I find it. Detailed studies of the *motifs* of the Wagner dramas are not unprocurable in these days, but what the small boys and I want is the simple savage story in all its marvellous romance. We want something with the eternal analysis and interminable psychology left out, and so when we hear that the Scribners are soon to publish the legends of the Nibelungen Ring—for children—we are made very glad.

"Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, with decorations by Tom B. Meteyard, which has just appeared, is interesting as the first original publication of Messrs. Copeland & Day of Boston. The promise of good work made in their reprint of the "House of Life" is here fulfilled. The new book is well made, and unusually attractive in its typography. The cover design, which includes the portraits of the two poets and the artist, is striking in strong black and white. The end papers are an experiment. They are interesting, certainly, but it is rather more from the originality and future possibilities of the scheme than from the success of the present achievement.



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